The BOW:

OR

The LAMENTATION of DAVID

over SAUL *and* JONATHAN,

Applyed to the Royal and Blessed MARTYR

K. Charles the I.

IN

A SERMON

Preached the 30th. of *January*,

At the Cathedral Church of S. *Peter* in *EXON.*

BY

ARTH. BURY one of the Prebendaries.

Published to stop the mouth of Calumny.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Brome* at the Gu[illegible]

Ivy-lane, 1662.

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2 Sam. I. 18.

Also he bad them teach the Children of Juda *(the use of) the Bowe.*

THis strange Text cannot be more impertinent to the businesse of this sad day, then that which occasioned it.

The words immediately foregoing tell us that *David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son*, as we do now over *a greater King* then *Saul* and a *kinder man* than *Jonathan*.

To beleive the Jewish interpretation, that *David* took warning from the wounds which *Saul* received from the *Philistian* Archers: to teach *the children of Juda* that military art, were to confesse an unpardonable ignorance: it was their usuall weapon.

The learned *Grotius* observing the lamentation to be musicall, came so far towards the discovery of the truth as to say, *David* would have them taught to use Musick in their Wars. But what Musick with a *bow*? Were the *Hewes* taught (that practice which the ancient *Germans* used in their wars) to encourage themselves with

 sprig

ſprightly twang of their beaten Bow-ſtrings, as we do by beat of Drum? What harmony will that interpretation keep with the *lamentation*, thus harſhly interrupted?

The omiſſion of the LXX. and the *Vulgar Latin* give us a fair hint for a ſmooth interpretation, for they omitting all mention of the *Bow* read the words thus. *And David lamented —— Alſo he bad them teach it the Children of Juda.* Good ſenſe, but no good fidelity! Our *Tindal* approving the ſenſe but not the infidelity, retaineth the word, but tranſlateth it with new infidelity, Reading thus, *He bad them teach the Children of Juda the ſong thereof*, a good Paraphraſe; but a bad tranſlation.

Upon theſe hints our excellent *Gregory* cleareth all difficulties.

He obſerveth it uſuall for Poets to beſtow upon their Odes ſome Title ſuitable to their Subject. Thus our Pſalmiſt titleth ſome of his Pſalms. *Altaſchith*, *Soſannim*, *Mahaloth*. And now having compoſed a *threne* in memory of *Saul wounded* by the Bowmen, and of *Jonathan* that dear Archer, who ſhot his *Arrow beyond the Lad* and thereby expreſſed *a love exceeding the love of Women*, honored the memory of ſo dear a friend with a paſſionate threne, and that threne with a name moſt endearing the inſtrument of ſo rare a kindneſſe. And now the ſenſe is ſmooth and Muſical. *David* compoſed this epicedium in memory of *Saul* and *Jonathan*, and *cauſed them to teach it the Children of Juda* calling it *the Bow*, in memory of the fatal wounds which *Saul* received from the Bowmen of

the

the enemy, and the rare kindneſſe which himſelf received from the *Bow of Jonathan* at that paſſionate parting, when *they kiſſed one another and wept one with another, until David exceeded.* 1. Sam. 20.

And to this clear ſenſe doth the Hebrew not only invite us, by leaving out the word *uſe*, but force us too, by the neceſſary concord of the participle *written* with the ſubſtantive *Bow*, both of them feminines.

The demonſtration being Grammatical: The word כתובה *Written* muſt marry the word קשת *Bow*: therefore the *Bow* it ſelf (not the ſtory of it) was *written*: therefore it was writable: therefore a form of words: therefore this very form of *Lamentation*, commanded to be *taught the Children of Juda* and recorded *in the book of Jaſher.*

What *the book of Jaſher* was, is as needleſſe to enquire as impoſſible to find, we find but one mention more of it, and that Poetical. *Joſh.* 10. 13. your margins tell you the word ſignifieth *an upright man*: and haply it may be an abbreviation of the word *Iſrael*, and the book a Poetical regiſter of the publick occurrences of that Nation.

Whatever that book were, it is loſt, and ſo is the ſtory of it. But this we have found, that in that book was written this *Lamentation*, which *David* made and called *The Bow* and commanded to be *taught the Children of Juda.*

Having thus found the *Bow* we ſhall view it a little and then exerciſe with it.

1. Obſerv. *That under the Law it ſelf Kings had power (as they ſaw occaſion) to make additions and alterations in the form of publick Worſhip.*

For *David had them* to whom he directed his Odes, the chief Muſicians, *to teach the Children of Juda this Bow*, that they might uſe it with other of his Pſalms in the publick ſervice of God.

That this was uſual, witneſſe the many other Pſalms which are ſuperſcribed *To the chief Muſician* and ſometimes by name *To Aſaph*: which were publickly ſung as occaſion required: as appeareth by their praiſing God in the words of the 136. Pſalm, when the ark was brought into the oracle in *Solomons* Temple.

Was it a ſmall alteration to change the ambulatory Tabernacle to a ſtanding Temple: contrary to the pattern ſhewed in the Mount, and without any command of God? Yet God commendeth and bleſſeth *David* for that intention though he ſuſpendeth the performance.

(*a*) Num. 4. 3. The (*a*) law required *thirty* years of age to qualify the children of *Levi* for *the ſervice of the congregation*. Yet (*b*) *David* commanded *them to be numbred from twenty years*.

(*b*) 1 Chro. 23. 27.

The law forbad any unclean perſon to eat the paſſover. Lev. 7. 10. and 22. yet *Ezekia* diſpenſed with it, as alſo with the Levites performing the Prieſts office in killing the Sacrifices. 2. Chro. 30. 17, 18.

Now if under the law (where every punctilio was ſo exactly preſcribed) the Kings, the beſt of the Kings, made ſuch alterations: How much more under the Goſpel (where there is only this generall directory injoyned, *Let all things be done decently and in order*; and the particulars left to the wiſdome of the governours of the Church) ſhall

it

it be in the power of Kings to preſcribe ſuch forms as they ſhall judge moſt decent?

Is it a bleſſing to the Church to have *Kings her nurſing fathers*, and ſhall it not be her duty to ſubmit to their government?

Was there ever any Religion which queſtioned the power of their rulers in things acknowledged to be indifferent? And ſhall the *Chriſtian* onely which of all others doth moſt earneſtly and frequently injoyn *obedience*, ſhall that onely diſpenſe with it, and that without any colour of neceſſity, but under pretence of freedome from any obligation?

Well, but grant the Chriſtian Kings the onely Cyphers of Religion, not able to bind the conſcience by any direct obligation: will not that love of peace which is ſo earneſtly recommended to us, require (though by accident onely) to obey all their innocent injunctions? Doth it become a peaceable and humble Chriſtian thus to diſpute with his King? *You have no power to command me and therefore I will not obey.* And not rather thus? *Though you have no power to command me yet for peace ſake I will obey?* Becauſe *as much as in me lieth if it be poſſible I will live peaceably with all men.* Admit we did not owe the King obedience to ſuch commands as are only innocent, not neceſſary by the Word of God; do we not owe ſo much obedience to the great commandment of Chriſt, *Love* and *Peace*: as to ſubmit a little priviledge for the purchaſe of charity?

That Chriſtian humility may be baniſhed with obedience we have the moſt ridiculous device,

that

that ever adventured to cheat a people: a pretence that in ſuch a caſe obedience is not onely needleſs, but ſinfull: The conſcience (take heed) cannot be bound to obedience, but it is to diſobedience: To conform to the commands of the King in matters of Worſhip, however otherwiſe indifferent becometh ſinfull, by a ſecret venome drawn from obedience.

Strange ſword of juſtice, which hath an edge in the handle, and none in the blade! Strange power of the magiſtrate which ſo taketh away the indifference of things, as to forbid by commanding and command by forbidding!

What? muſt the Scripture be reformed too *according to the example of the beſt reformed Churches?* Muſt thoſe texts be *ſequeſtred* from the Word of God which teach thoſe *malignant* doctrines, *obedience, conformity, charity?* They muſt! they muſt! or this new *goſpel* can never be *propagated*. A little change of a trifling ſyllable or two will make Saint Paul a *non-conformiſt*, ſaying, *Let no ſoul be ſubject to the higher powers*: and Saint Peter too, will as eaſily be brought to teach to *ſubmit to no ordinance of man for the Lords ſake*, &c.

And will not ſuch a Reformation make a rare Goſpel? will not the Church be rarely provided *for the edifying of it ſelf in love?*

But we cannot ſtay to admire this rare platform of the new modell: which denyeth Chriſtian Kings that power which David exerciſed here, in *commanding them to teach the Children of Juda the Bow.*

2 Obſerv. *Muſick becometh the voice of mourning as well as the voice of joy. The ſweet ſinger of Iſrael* ſang not only the *praiſes of God*, but his own *ſins, and miſeries, and lamentations.*

It was that bleſſed Kings fate, to bear the jeers of *Michal* for his chearfull dancing, and his ſons bear the jeers of her Children for ſinging; her Children; for though her wit made her childleſſe to the day of her death: yet ſince her death ſhe hath a multitude of children, who imitate her floutings, and jeer our Church-muſick for ſinging ſad Anthems: upon this pitifull miſtake, they think *all Muſick muſt expreſſe mirth.*

But what wonder if they be no friends to Muſick, whoſe principles are all diſcords? whoſe harſh untunable ſpirits can by no means be brought to an uniſon? how can they ſing their lamentations, whoſe very praiſes are expreſſed by howlings and groans?

But ſay; you that think all Muſick to be frolick: what think you of *Eliſha's* minſtrell, which from rage reduced him to ſuch a temper, as qualified him for the entertainment of the Prophetick ſpirit; was that a Jigg, think you? What think you of that *Hymn* wherein our Saviour breathed out the reſentments of his approching paſſion? was that a *Coranto*, think you?

And let not the 137 Pſal. deceive you: wherein the Pſalmiſt perſonateth a captive refuſing to ſing: for that refuſal is it ſelf a ſong: nor doth it refuſe ſinging indefinitely, but thoſe merry ſongs, which the enemy required *Verſ. 3. the ſongs of Sion*, the chearful praiſes of God: Theſe he refuſeth

with

with this execration, *If I forget thee O Hierusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning: If I do not remember thee let my toung cleave to the roof of my mouth*; *i. e.* let me forget both to play and ſing. A cold curſe to forget that which muſt never more be uſed!

The meaning therefore of the Pſalmiſt is not to give himſelf the lye, by ſinging that he will not ſing: but to anſwer the enemy that required chearfull Muſick in a time of ſadneſſe. The captive will ſing, not the *ſongs of Sion*, praiſing God with the *voice of Joy*: but ſuch *mournfull ſongs*, as ſuited the ſad ruine of their Temple: So that this Pſalm is ſo far from denying Muſick: that indeed it profeſſeth ſome ſorts of Muſick to be ſuitable to the moſt diſmal calamities.

If then this very complaint were a Song, if all the crying and penitential Pſalms were ſo many ſongs, if our Saviours laſt Hymn were a ſong, if this ſad *Bow* were a ſong; then certainly *David* and the greater ſon of *David* muſt bear their parts in thoſe ſcoffes which are made the portion of our Church, only for this, becauſe ſhe uſeth mournful Anthems.

But whoſoever hath any skill, I do not ſay in Muſick, but Philoſophy, or Hiſtory, or any kind of literature, knoweth that Muſick can ſuit as well the *Melancholy* as the *Sanguine* temper, and carry the ſoul into all kinds of paſſions, ſo forcibly that ſome Philoſophers thought the ſoul it ſelf to be nothing but harmony.

This we are ſure, that the animal ſpirits are exact dancers, keeping juſt meaſures with good Muſick:

Muſick: and harmoniouſly moving the paſſions.

For whether the *praiſes of God* be ſung *with the voice of joy*, they are quickned by the ſhorter ſervice into ſuch a ſprightly dance as *David* uſed *before the Ark*: Or whether the ſins or miſeries of a people be lamented with doleſull ſtrains, the ſlow-paced Pavin with tender flats and ſharps melteth them down to ſuch a lumpiſh heavineſſe, that they dance *Ahab*'s mournful meaſures when he *humbled himſelf and walked ſoftly*.

Indeed, whatever eloquence can do, the ſame can Muſick: Muſick being but an eloquent ſound as eloquence is a Muſical voice: *Orpheus* his Harp-ſtrings draw as ſtrongly as *Hercules*'s golden chain.

There was a contention between *Cicero* the beſt Orator, and *Roſcius* the beſt Actor, which of them could expreſſe a paſſion with greateſt life and variety, the one by phraſe, or the other by geſture: The like wager might well lye between a good Orator, and a good Muſician: It is not eaſily determined which way this *Bow* would pierce deepeſt, whether ſet to a *mournfull Anthem*, or to an *eloquent Oration*.

In this therefore we muſt confeſſe the harſh principles of the enemies of Church-Muſick have ſomething of harmony: They will baniſh both *Muſick and Eloquence* out of the publick worſhip, upon this miſtake: they think them both wanton. God is not pleaſed ſaith one of them with *wanton words of Rhetorick*, therefore no ſet form of prayer: God is not pleaſed with wanton Muſick therefore no Organ. But however theſe principles

ſute well enough with one and another, and with the untunable ſpirits of their patrons: yet they are very diſagreeing both with *David*'s Pen and his harp, and his command; for he compoſed this lamenting *Eow* and *had them teach it the Children of Juda*.

3 Obſerv. *It is proper to celebrate the memory of eminent loſſes as well as of eminent deliverances*: Thus *Epicedion* upon the *death of Saul* was written in the book of *Jaſher* as well as that *Epinikion* upon *the victory of Joſhua*. The *daughters* of *Iſrael* did as conſtantly *lament the daughter of Jeptha* as they celebrated the feaſt of the paſſover: And we do as ſolemnly obſerve the 30. of *Jan.* as the 5. of *Novemb.*

It is conſiderable, though perhaps incredible, to ſome men: that this publick and ſetled way of preaching, wherein they think the whole ſervice of God to conſiſt, deriveth from the obſervation of *Holy dayes* kept in honour of the firſt *Martyrs*: at whoſe burying places the people ſolemnly aſſembling were entertained by the eloquent Fathers with funeral Orations, in memory of thoſe *Martyrs*: from which uſe our Church-yards are ſtill called κοιμητήρια, and the word *Panegyrick* which grammatically ſignifieth any publick ſpeech, was by the frequent uſe of ſuch aſſemblies contracted to a more particular ſenſe, ſignifying ſuch ſpeeches only as were publickly made to the praiſe of ſome eminent perſon.

But the pious Fathers of the Church finding it more advantagous to godlineſſe, changed thoſe Panegyricks to Sermons; and cauſed Churches

to

to be built for the greater convenience of such assemblies.

And this I thought necessary to observe, that I might not seem to abuse this place by imploying it to a Panegyrick rather then a Sermon; The business of this anniversary calling us back to that primitive practice; that by embalming the memory of this royall Martyr, our name may be reskued from that infamy which hath so long made us stink in the nostrils of our neighbours: and his reputation from that obscurity wherein it hath so long been buried: so fulfilling that his confidente prophesy: that *His reputation should like the Sun (after Owls and Bats had had the freedome of the night and darker times) rise and recover it self to such a degree of splendor, as those Feral birds should be grieved to behold and unable to bear. For never were any Princes more glorious than those, whom God hath suffered to be tried in the Furnace of afflictions by their injurious Subjects.* A long, long night it was, wherein those Feral Birds triumphed; a hot Furnace was that wherein God suffered this excellent Prince to lye under a tedious trial; Blessed be his name that hath restored us to a power of honouring this Martyred Prophet, in a measure sutable to his sufferings. For as his injurious Subjects passed all examples in the cruelty of their persecutions, so do his loving subjects outvy all the honours that ever were paid to the memory of the most glorious King, by this anniversary reskuing his honour from their slanderous abuses, as the valiant men of *Jabesh Gilead* did the bodies of *Saul* and his sons from the Walls of *Bethshan*: and by

this Solemn lamentation which we thus practice in imitation of this *Bow* of *David*, which *he bad them teach the Children of Juda.*

Let us then pass from viewing this *Bow* to handling it; and that in a suitable panegyrical way: A suitable way? No, that is a task for one of our *Davids*: him that made it, or him that we celebrate with it: Were *my toung as the Pen* of either of those *ready Writers*, I would pierce the hardest heart among you, and in this sense *from the fat of the mighty, from the blood of the slain this Bow of* Jonathan *should not return empty.*

However, I will manage it as I can; upon this hope, that what is wanting in my feeble Rhetorick shall be supplyed by your loyall affections.

It taketh up the whole remainder of the Chapter: but the most material strains, are contained in the three next verses, upon which the rest do only descant.

Vers. 19. *The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!*

20. *Tell it not in* Gath, *publish it not in the streets of* Askalon, *lest the daughters of the Philistins rejoyce, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised Triumph.*

21. *Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be any rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away; the shield of Saul as though he had not been anointed with oyle.*

In these three strains doth this Psalmist expresse 3 Passions.

1. Grief,

1 Grief, ver. 19. 2 Shame, ver. 20. 3 Detestation, ver. 21.

With these in their order shall I exercise the remainder of your patience.

Your patience said I? No, your passions, your impatience. He is a stock or a traitour that can be patient when such wounds are searching.

1. *Grief* is exercised upon consideration of the *person* slain. The onely considerable quality in *Saul* was his greatnesse: which therefore maketh the burden of the Song, *How are the mighty fallen!* Thus is *Abner* lamented, though no otherwise considerable. *Know you not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?* Thus did *Jeremy* lament *Zedekia*, who had nothing kingly but his power. *The breath of our Nostrils, the anointed of the Lord is taken in their pits.* Yet I doubt whether *Saul* should have been honoured with *lamentation* if *Jonathan* had not fallen with him.

They both met in our *Martyred King*, whose *might* was the least part of his *praise*: his *vertues* were more *glorious* then his *Crown*.

Which that I may not dim by an incompetent description, I shall contract all into this short Elogy. *Had his father bequeathed his Crown (as the great Alexander did) to the most worthy: he had therein as clearly heir apparent by his worth, as now he was by his birth.*

If you desire a more particular and lively character, you shall find it in that rare *Pourtraiture* drawn by his own Pen, with such exactnesse of art, that it appeared some considerable recompense for the multitude of his heavy afflictions: which he expresseth

expresseth with equal satisfaction, but more modesty then that (d) *Roman* Poet.

(d) Jamq; opus exegi, &c.

It is (saith he) *some kind of deceiving and lessening the injury of my long restraint, when I find my leisure and solitude have produced something worthy of my self, and usefull to you, that neither you, nor any other may hereafter measure my cause by the successe, nor my judgement of things by my misfortunes.*

Whoever will see a book worthy to justle the Apocrypha out of it's place, let him study that piece, and confesse that the Spirit of God hath not forsaken the withered world.

In what glory doth this second *David* sit there, under his *Crown of Thornes*, attended with such a stately train of *graces* and *vertues*, as to make his other pompous coronation confess it self a childish May-game! while he manageth (his, now, onely weapon) his Pen, with such a *gracefull Majesty*, that whoever doth not acknowledge his *absolute Soveraignty* in Rhetorick, must be as great a *Rebel* in point of *literature*, as those others were in point of *duty*, and yet with such a splendid mixture of *wisdome*, *piety*, *charity*, *patience*, *magnanimity*, and all other Royal and Christian graces, that the *elegance* of the stile is the least part of the *beauty* of the work.

How is *heighth of fancy* married with *depth of judgment*! *Golden sentences enameled with Florid expressions, and set with Orient Metaphors*: Infallible predictions, not onely of events, but even of circumstances; and that in such minute particularities, that few Historians do so lively relate things already acted. (Some may question whether these

these *predictions* were dictated by the *Spirit of Prophesie*; but who dares question a mighty influence of the *Spirit of Wisdom!*]

And how are these rare sufficiences *sanctified* with all *Christian graces?*

What *undaunted magnanimity*, outfacing a long series of danger, and never deserting those *interests* which he knew it his duty to maintain!

What *invincible patience outliving the witherings of his gourd without discontent or peevishnesse*; or the least *complaint to those who wanted nothing to complete their mirth, but onely such Musick*, or any other shrinking from that *Majesty* which graced him most in his lowest ebbs.

What *fervent Piety*, firing his devout heart with a steady and permanent heat; yet no *volatile zeal*, like theirs which shew no other proof, but their *boasts and their levity*; but *fixed* with a judicious *constancy* to that *Religion* which he protected with his *life*.

And Oh! what *Charity!* what *sweet love!* what *tender Bowels!*

His enemies did him this onely right, they thought *none but the greatest injuries to be competent trials of his patience*: yet *great* as they were, his *charity* outvied them. It is a small matter with him to *pardon* them, he *pitieth* them, he *prayeth* for them.

I thank God (saith he) *I never found but my pity was above my anger: nor have my passions ever so prevailed against me, as to exclude my most compassionate prayers for them, whom devout errors more then their own malice have betrayed to a most religious Rebellion.*

Nay

Nay he is ready to rewatd them too. *I do not* (ſaith he) *more willingly forgive their ſeductions, then I am ambitious by all princely merits to redeem from their unjuſt ſuſpicions, and reward them for their good intentions.* Theſe were the *paſſions*, theſe were the *revenges*, which that intolerable load of calumnies, affronts, priſons, and all kind of perſecutions, begat in the breaſt of that excellent King: the *ſweetneſſe* of whoſe *temper* could not receive any *tincture of brackiſhneſſe* though it ran a long, long courſe through a briniſh ſea of troubles.

And if ſuch were his *tenderneſſe* to his *enemies*, Oh how dear where his *affections* to his *friends and loving Subjects!* which he teſtified, while he had power, by ſuch gracious conceſſions, that all poſterity will ſtand aſtoniſhed, both at the *goodneſs* which *granted* them and the *baſeneſſe* which *abuſed* them: and when he had no power but of his Pen, by his laſt declaration, wherein he *proteſted before the face of Heaven that his own afflictions afflicted him not ſo much as his peoples ſufferings.* Thus were *Saul* and *Jonathan* united in one perſon, *wiſdome and eloquence, greatneſs and goodneſſe, magnanimity and patience, piety and charity were lovely in his life and in his writings they were not divided.*

Such was this mighty King *mighty* in the *greatneſſe* of *Saul*, but *mightier* in the *ſweetneſſe of Jonathan*: *mighty* in the number and ſtrength of his kingdomes, but *mightier* in the greater number and perfections of his vertues: *mighty* in the love of his friends, but *mightier* by the malice of his enemies: who made him a *great and glorious King* by *exerciſing* and *evidencing* his *greatneſſe*, by his

his *diminutions*, his *glory* by his *eclipſes*, his *height* by his *fall*, his *might* by his *weakneſſe*.

Had they not thus performed their promiſe he might have layen in level with common Princes, who retain to their crowns for all their greatneſs: we had not known him from a *comet* but by his *parallaxes*; we had not known his *brightneſſe* but by his *clouds*, nor his *height* but by his *ſetting*.

For how did the mighty fall? like *Saul* and *Jonathan*, by the arrows of the *Philiſtins?* No, God covered his head in the day of battell. By the *decays of Age?* No, he was but newly paſt the *meridian*. By the *exceſſes of luxury?* No, thoſe vices which could not *ſtain*, could not *deſtroy* his life. *How did this mighty fall?* He will tell you himſelf.

He fell a King, by the hands of his own Subjects, a violent, ſudden, and barbarous death, in the ſtrength of his years, in the midſt of his Kingdom; his friends and loving Subjects being helpleſſe ſpectators, his enemies inſolent revilers and triumphers over him, living, dying, and dead.

Surely as *David* lamented *Abner*, ſo may we him. *As a man falleth before wicked men, ſo felleſt thou.* Thy vineyard made thee a blaſphemer, a faſt is proclaimed, a High Court of Juſtice eſtabliſhed, witneſſes prepared, an unjuſt ſentence procured and executed, that thy vineyard might be poſſeſſed; *As* Naboth *fell before* Jezabell, *ſo felleſt thou.*

But *Naboth* was perhaps *rich* enough by the inheritance of his fathers, not *mighty* by the power of the Sword: *Abner* had the *Sword* too, yet fell

by the Sword of *Joab*, who got within him under pretence of kindneſſe: Great complements are uſed, they are his *faithfull and loyall Subjects, his great counſel, will make him a great and glorious King. As* Abner *fell before* Joab, *ſo felleſt thou.*

But *Joab* was *Abner's* enemy, not only upon the publick quarrel, but a private grudge: And it is the heavy complaint of this afflicted King, *If they had been mine open and forain enemies, I could have born it, but they muſt be mine own Subjects, who are next mine own Children, dear to me, and for the reſtoring of whoſe tranquillity I could willingly be the* Jonah. He was deſtroyed *by* them, *for* whom he was deſtroyed.

As Chriſt fell before the Jews, ſo felleſt thou. So *felleſt* thou, ſo *prayedſt* thou: ſo felleſt for their good, ſo prayedſt for their pardon, ſo didſt thou by all means in life and death ſeek their happineſſe.

But how did the mighty fall! How did he fall by his own weight? By thoſe perfections, which are preſervatives to others, and fatal only to him! How might he have expoſtulated in that ſtrange queſtion of his Saviour! *Many good works have I done, for which of them do you kill me?*

Yea, for which of them did *not* kill him? which of his perfections was there, that did not furniſh them with a tentation or advantage to deſtroy him? *His Greatneſſe?* That made him an enemy, becauſe it would reward them with ſpoils. *His Goodneſs?* That weakened him by ſuch a multitude of *diſarming conceſſions. His Charity?* That incouraged them to go on, becauſe they knew they could

could not out-goe his pardon. *His Love to the people?* That provoked them, becauſe it would not ſuffer him to make them ſlaves to an arbitrary power. His *Firmneſſe in Religion?* That inraged them, becauſe it kept them from ſwallowing the Revenues of the Church. His *Wiſdome?* That frighted them with jealouſies of being at laſt diſcovered, loathed and ruined. *How did the mighty fall* like *Saul* upon his own Sword, which ſhould have defended him!

But *how did the mighty fall?* how did he take his fall? *Died* Abner *as a fool dieth?* Did he whine away his Soul with childiſh moans? did he crouch to his mercileſſe enemies, that he might *beg* his life of them by the oratory of his tears, or *purchaſe* it with the Revenues of the Crown and Church? No, his laſt Declaration ſpeaks other language.

I thank my God (ſaith he) *I have armed my ſelf againſt their fury: and now let the Arrows of their envy fly at me, I have a breaſt to receive them, and a heart poſſeſt with patience to ſuſtain them: for God is my Rock and my Shield, therefore will I not fear what man can doe unto me.*

His tedious Impriſonment could not extort one word of complaint from him, the horror of their cruel Bar could not ſtoop him to plead much leſſe to pray for his life. The terrors of the bloudy Scaffold, could not make him let fall a word unworthy of His Majeſty. He diſcourſed upon that fatal Theater, in that cruel company, as if he had been among His Lords in Parliament, unconcerned in any thing but the care of his people. A few words beſtowed upon his own neceſſary

vindication, and all the reſt in directions to the way of peace: A diſcourſe which we then admired for the magnanimity, and now for the wiſdome of it. God having now declared, that to be the onely right way which that Bleſſed Martyr then ſhewed; though thoſe times had onely *need*, not *capacity* of ſuch directions.

Thus *did the mighty fall, as man falleth before wicked men*: with a fall ſutable to his life in point of conſtancy and pious charity; and moſt unſutable in point of thoſe other circumſtances of formal juſtice.

Thus were *Saul* and *Jonathan*, *greatneſſe* and *goodneſſe*, *magnanimity* and *love*, *wiſdom in counſail*, and *care of the people*, *lovely in his life and in his death they were not divided.*

Oh ye daughters of Iſrael (ſaith our Pſalmiſt verſ. 24.) *weep over Saul, who clothed you in Skarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of Gold upon your apparel.* Ye daughters of *England* weep over *Charles*, who clothed you with Silks, with other braveries, whoſe peaceful and righteous raign protected your fathers, while they gathered that wealth you now enjoy; rendring the Sea ſafe to the Merchant, and the land to the Husbandman: keeping you in a happy ignorance of *Exciſe*, *Contributions*, *quarterings*, *plunderings*, &c. and in the Church, of *Quakers*, *Seekers*, *Ranters*, &c. he *clothed* you in *Silk*, not *Garments rolled in Blood*, he kept your eyes and the Sword dry: Let thoſe tears be now paid as a juſt tribute to his memory which he then ſaved by the righteouſneſſe of his government.

Weep

Weep over him whose *watchings* defended your *sleeps*, whose *cares* secured your *pleasures*, whose *Sword* guarded your *peace*, whose *prisms* protected your *liberty*, whose *death* preserved your *Laws*.

Weep over *Saul*, but more over *Jonathan*: Remember that rich treasure of his vertues which made him the *delight of all good men*, the *hate* of all *evil*: remember that *firmnesse* of his *constancy*, that *sweetnesse* of his *love*, that *tendernesse* of his *charity*, that universal *graciousnesse* of his *disposition*: *We are distressed for thee* most dear Soveraign, *very pleasant hast thou been to us, thy love to us was wonderfull, passing the love of women*; Oh! had'st thou been some *Nero* or *Caligula*, some bloudy or filthy Tyrant, that never *spared man* in their *anger*, nor *woman* in their *lust*, had'st thou been such as thy enemies *were*, and accused thee to *be*; we would have reserved our tears for our private sorrows, and suffered thy memory to perish with thy life.

Or had'st thou fallen by the *usual* wayes of *mortality*; we would have comforted our selves with such a *common* infelicity: But to have *such a* King *so* destroyed, in the name of the people, under formalities of justice, by the hands of mushroms, under thine own window, and all this only for being excessively good——

How shall we raise our *lamentations*, to a proportion suitable to *thy excellencies* or *our griefs*? *We are distressed for thee*, most dear Soveraign, *thy love to us was wonderfull, passing the love of women*: and our love to thee shall be suitably *great* and *durable*;

rable; we will annually remove thy *marble* and *embalm* thy *ashes* with *pious tears*, and *spicy Elegies*, that the enemies of thy vertues may know the greatneſſe of their guilt, and the enemies of our Nation and Religion may know our innocency.

Though we cannot *reſtore* thy *life*, we will *eterniſe* thy *memory*: though we cannot *raiſe* thy *aſhes*, yet we will *revive* our own *credit*:

Thoſe *rivers of tears* which we thus ſolemnly and annually offer up to thy dear name, will not indeed waſh away ſome mens guilt, who love their *Negro* blackneſſe; but they will our ſhame.

2. Our ſhame: which is the ground of the next *ſtrain* of this mournfull *Bow*, expreſſed in the next verſe, *Tell it not in Gath, publiſh it not*, &c.

It is a double miſery, when *our loſs and ſhame* is *our enemies gain and glory*.

Nations have thought it worthy a war to remove the trophees of their defeats; yea more men have ſacrificed their lives to the *honor* then to any other *intereſt* of their country. *Moſes* uſeth this argument to God himſelf, prayeth him not to deſtroy Iſrael, *leſt the heathen ſhould triumph*. *Cleopatra* could have been content to have *out-lived* the loſſe of her *Kingdomes*, if ſhe might have eſcaped the *triumph* of *Auguſtus*:

But when the *Philiſtins* faſten the *bodies of Saul and his ſons* to the *wall of* Bethſhan, then the *valiant men of* Jabeſh Gilead, *hazard their lives* to remove ſuch a Trophee of their ſhameful defeat.

And

And indeed, whoever pretendeth any affection to his country, will feel quick reſentments, not only of its *loſſes*, but its *diſhoners*; a ſtrong motive to thoſe our honoured Patriots, who by this command of an annuall luſtration, have taken care to waſh away this Royal *Bloud* that it may not *defile the land.*

Such indeed was the charitable temper of that Bleſſed Martyr, that he *would not gratifie the malice of a few with ſiniſter thoughts of the generality*: But ſuch is the precipitancy of vulgar cenſurers, that they brand whole nations with infamy due only to to ſome particulars.

How do ſuch men juſtifie (that old ſlander) that *the King of* England *is a King of divels!* How did that *diviliſh* villany make the name of an *Engliſhman ſtink in the noſtrils* of all nations! How often have our Merchants and travelling Gentry choſe rather to deny their country then endure this ſhame! — But what do we talk of the honour of our *Nation?*

Our Religion! Our Religion is ſham'd by it; both in general as *Chriſtian*, and in particular as *Proteſtant.*

Tell it not in the Regions of darkneſs, publiſh it not among the heathen perſecuters; leſt thoſe bloudy tormentors of the Chriſtian Church triumph, as in a poſthumous juſtification of their cruelties, as a neceſſary policy to weaken a ſect, ſo pernicious to their lives and eſtates.

Let thoſe *Bleſſed Martyrs*, whoſe bloud *ſealed* not only the *truth* of their *Religion*, but the *firmneſs* of their *loyalty*, let them not bluſh to ſee the

the *profeſſors* of the ſame *Religion*, perſecuting them with the ſame ſlanders as their enemies did: impudently *outfacing* the *apologies* of their *fathers*, and *juſtifying* the *calumnies* of their *enemies*, by pretending that they uſed thoſe tame weapons *prayers and tears* only for want of the military *Sword and Spear*.

Miſcreant perſecutors of *Crowns*! will you depoſe the very *Martyrs* too from thoſe *Crowns* which they purchaſed as much by their *meekneſs* as their *faith*!

Was not this the onely *controverſie* beetween them and their *perſecutors*, that the one believed them inclined to *propagate* their *religion* by *force*, the other proteſted that they would not ſo *defend* their *lives*? And do not you joyn with their *perſecutors*? do not you *perſecute them afreſh and put them to an open ſhame*?

Would not they have *reſiſted* their bloody *Tyrants*? and do you *perſecute* your own *King*, the *beſt* of your *Kings*? Is it thus you *rejoyce in perſecutions*? by *inflicting*, not by *undergoing* them? by *inflicting* them upon the *Defendor of the Faith*.

How baſely have you confuted the *Apologies* of *Tertullian* and other *defendors* of the *Chriſtian faith*? How *unchriſtianly* have you *juſtified* the bloody *perſecutors* thereof? How *heathenißly* have you *ſtrengthened* thoſe *ſlanders* wherewith they *perſecuted* it no leſſe bitterly and unjuſtly then with the *Sword*?

Where ſhall we hide this *ſhame*? How ſhall we reskue our holy *Religion* and innocent *Martyrs* from

from this *disgrace*, poured upon them, not so much by their *persecutors* as their *professors*.

Nay, how shall we ever hope to propagate our *Religion* for the *future*? What black *Indian* of the *East* or *West*, what wilde *African* or *American* will change that *Divel-Worship* which their *fathers* have practiced without any such *guilt*, for the *Christian Religion* whose *professors* call it *Godliness* to be *inhumane*? *Tell it not in* Quinsay, *publish it not in the hoords of the* Nomades, *lest those Miscreants triumph in the greater purity of their infidelity*.

What *Turk* or *Jew* will ever be brought to a tollerable charity towards that *Religion* whose *professors* call the horridest *Treasons* the *cause of God*? *Tell it not in* Constantinople, *publish it not in the Streets of* Bagdat, *lest those circumcised Infidels triumph in the greater piety of their own profession*.

Is this the *propagation of the Gospel*? Is this the *advancement of the Kingdome* of *Jesus Christ*?

Ah! must *the Christian*, the *Christian Religion*; which was first *planted*, and alway *watered*, and alway *thrived* with the *Blood* of her *defenders*, and *professors* shed by their *persecutors*, now *wither* by the *blood* of her *defenders*, shed by her own *Children*? Is the *patience*, and *meekness*, and *peaceableness*, so much recommended by the great *Author* of our *faith*, not onely by his *Sermons* but his *sufferings*, and alwayes practised by his *disciples*? Is that *sweet beauty* of our *Religion* which won so great a part of the world to her *embraces*, now disfigured with such a *ghastly deformity*, that she must for ever *despair* of gaining any more *Lovers*: and that not

by the *witherings* of *age*, but by the *manglings* of her *unnatural children*?

But these perhaps are remote considerations, and our *zeal* against our neighbor, *Babylon*, may excuse the inconvenience of that *Scandal* which probably may never reach the more distant *Heathen*.

And is it thus we hope to *root out Popery*? what? by *strengthening* their most plausible *pretences*? Is not this the great clamor of their popular decla-
'mations? *That we no sooner forsake unity with the*
'*Catholick Church but we are wildered by the unsteadi-*
'*nesse of our own rambling fancies, or abused by the*
'*craft of such other seducers as our unhappiness or*
'*our curiosity may expose us to: That there is nothing*
'*in doctrine so absurd, in practice impious, which a*
'*smooth toung and a zealous look may not prefer to*
'*an easie and credulous belief, as a holy truth: That*
'*there is no security from the mosthorrid impieties and*
'*blasphemies but in the bosome of the mother Church,*
'*the onely determiner of controversies: Witness those*
'*swarms of ridiculous Sects, witness those horrible*
'*confusions in Church and State: Witness the execra-*
'*ble massacre of the defender of your faith. Whence*
'*came these horrible plagues but from your separation*
'*from us? and how can you ever be secure from*
'*further crumblings till you are again united with*
'*us?*

Tell it not in Rome, *publish it not in the covents of their Friers, and Colledges of their Jesuits, lest the conclave rejoyce, lest their priests triumph in the ruine* of the strongest *pillar* of our *Religion*, and the *strengthening* of their own *pretences*.

Yet

Yet all this and other their plausiblest harangues are fully answered by this Royal *defender of the Faith* who thus armeth the heir of his Kingdome: *The scandal of the late troubles which some may object still and urge to you against the Protestant Religion established in* England, *is easily answered to them, or your own thoughts to this, that scarce any one that hath been a beginner or an active promoter of this late War against the Church, the Lawes, and State, either hath, or is a true lover, imbracer, or practiser of the Protestant Religion established in* England; *which neither giveth such rules, nor ever before set such examples.*

The *Protestant Religion giveth no such rules*: but doth not the *Romish*? Is not *Rebellion* a doctrine as properly *Popish*, and more pernicious, then *Purgatory indulgences*, or *any* other? Who first taught it lawful to *resist Kings*? was it not the *Pope*? Who first taught it not only lawfull but pious to *depose Kings*, *if they be Heretiks*? was it not the *Pope*? Who first taught that the *Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy are dispenced with by the interest of Religion*? was it not the *Pope*? Doth not the Solemn *League and Covenant* of the *English Schismatiks* with their *Scottish brethren*, bear the lively image of the *holy League* between the *French Jesuites* and their *brethren* of *Spain*?

The Protestant Religion never before set such examples: but how often hath that *Anti-christian See* armed not only *Subjects* against their *Soveraigns*, but *Sons* against their Royal *Fathers*, adding *unnaturalnesse* to *Rebellion*? How came it to it's present grandure, but by vexing their *Soveraigns*

the *Empp.* with *holy Rebellions?* How many *Henn.* and *Freud.* and other *Empp.* and *KK.* have their Saints *butchered?* What Nation hath not heard the *roaring* of their *Bulls absolving* Subjects from their *Allegiance?* Who hath not heard of the *Holy Ligue* of *France*, the *Guelphs and Gibellines* of *Italy?* Let this execrable regicide committed upon those principles, which you *maintain* and we *detest*, make another *Item* in the goodly Inventory of your holy *Rebellions* and *Regicides*. For *no true lover of the Protestant Religion established in* England, *was an active prosecutor of this war against the Church, the Laws and the King.* But what multitudes of your *Priests* and *Jesuites* under the vizors of *gifted brethren* and *Independent Souldiers*, envenoming the *Army* and inflaming the *Rebellion!* were these *Volunteers* in such an important service? No; their *absolute obedience* to their *superiors* is too well known, to leave any probability of their undertaking such *designes* without *command*.

Tell it now in Rome, *publish it in all their Covents and Colledges*: but tell it truly, That the *Church of England* did not *act* but *suffer* in this hideous *Rebellion*: That she requireth all her Sons to professe by *Oath* their *detestation* of it as a *doctrine damnable and heretical*. But a *faction* infected with that *damnable doctrine*, wherewith *Rome* efferated the *meekness* and stained the *purity* of the *Christian Religion*: acted this *devilish* inhumanity upon the principles and instigations of *Popish* incendiaries; to the grief and ruine of the true Sons of our *Church*, who hazarded their lives to *prevent* it, and do thus solemnly professe their *detestation* of it.

When

When the Sons of *Rome* shall practice such a publick repentance for that multitude of *Rebellions* and *Regicides* which their *Popes* and their *doctrines* have acted through the *Christian* world; we will acknowledge an equality of *shame* due to *us* and *them*: We will be content that this *one Murther* shall outweigh that *multitude* of theirs, as much as this *our* King did excell *all* theirs: and to make the scales even, we will cast in so much *charity*, as not to impute those *doctrines* and *impieties* to their *Church*, but to factiousnesse of the *Jesuites* and the ambition of the *Popes*.

We will yield to any the most unreasonable composition, if they will thus *solemnly* and *authentically* renounce that *damnable doctrine*: But untill they do; let them not upbraid us with the *Splinter* (so our Saviours *Mote* signifieth) let them not upbraid us with the *Splinter that is in our eye*, *while there is a beam in their own eye*: That *beam*, from whence our *Splinter* came, which we thus carefully pull out of our watering *eye*.

But these still are remote enemies: we have others within our own pale, that *shame* us more. Enemies, not to the *Christian* or the *Protestant* but to *All Religion*: Men *whose God is their belly*, whose *Heaven* is the *Tavern*, whose *Religion* is *Debauchery*.

These men to ease themselves from the trouble (as they take it) of holiness, will needs *force* themselves and *tempt* others to believe that *Religion* is onely *an engine of State*, that *Zeal* is but an *implement* of *ambition*, that the *precisest Saints* are but *insinuating hypocrites*, who disguise the *basest*

and bloudieſt deſignes under the mortified countenance of *ſanctity and humility*. *Witneſs* (ſay they) *the furies of the* German *and the greater furies of the* Engliſh *Sectaries*. Theſe men rail at our harmleſſe *good fellowſhip* and themſelves *deſtroy the peace* of the world: Make great ſcruple to *take the other Cup*, and make themſelves *drunk* with *the blood of Kings*. *Make long prayers and devour widows houſes*. Theſe, theſe are they whoſe *Triumphs ſhame* us while they condemn all *holineſs and godly zeal* as tending to the *furious wickedneſs* of the *Fanaticks*.

Tell it not therefore in the Tavrns, publiſh it not in the Ale-houſes, leſt the Drunkards rejoyce, leſt the Atheiſts Triumph: leſt every *devout chriſtian* be condemned for a *Puritan*: and every *profeſſor of zeal* for a *Fanatick*, yet theſe miſpriſions are eaſily wiped away by our *Holy Martyr* himſelf. *Let not* (ſaith he) *counterfeit and diſorderly zeal abate your value and eſteem of true piety. Both of them are known by their fruits: the ſweetneſſe of the vine and fig tree are not to be deſpiſed though the Bramble and Thorne ſhould pretend to bear figs and grapes, thereby to rule over the trees.*

But ſay; you that accuſe *Religion* of the abuſes which it ſuffered; can you *waſh your hands from the blood of this juſt perſon?* Did not your wickedneſſe ruine him by provoking *God* and *Man* againſt that righteous cauſe which *you* engaged in? Did not your deteſtable rudeneſſe *fright* thouſands out of their *wits* and their *allegiance*, who loved the *King* more heartily then your ſelves, and would have followed his *party* if they could have indured

ſuch

such company as fought against *heaven* by their *prophanesse*, and *earth* by their *oppressions*. Doth not the *Law* declare you *Traitors*, that alienate *Subjects* affections from their *Soveraign*? Doth not this *gracious King* first *Proclamation* disclaim you as those that do him more *mischief* by your *lewdnesse*, then you can *recompence* by your *valours*? Doth not our *Church* disclaim you as greater *non conformists* by your *disobedience* to her *doctrines*, then others are by their *disobedience* to her *discipline*? What impudence hath steeled your foreheads, that you dare call your selves the *Kings good Subjects* and the *true sons of the Church*, when you are *disobedient to both and renounced by both*.

And did you not make the *Rebels prosperous* too as well as *numerous*? Did God give up his holy *army* to the rout for the sin of one *Achan*; and must he not forsake whole *Armies of Achans*? Did you not even compell him to *desert* a *righteous* King that he might not *prosper* a *profane* party?

But stay! can we not avoid one *shame* without splitting upon *another*? and must we yield the *Rebels* their so much vanted title of *The Godly party*, *Tell it not in* Amsterdam *publish it not in the conventicles of the Schismaticks*, *lest they boast against the Episcopal discipline as a nurse of prophanesse*, because the *new discipline* is maintained by *Godly people* and the *old* by *prophane*.

Yet the unjustice of such a boast will betray it self, if we consider that *those very persons* whose *piety* they boast of, received their *piety* from the

the *Miniſtery of the Epiſcopal way*, and onely their *faction* from them, who made profeſſion of *zeal*, a *bait* to *betray* them.

Is there any thing more credulous then *zeal*? and is it any wonder if thoſe who were moſt *zealous*, had the ſtrongeſt *byas* towards that party, that made the moſt glorious *profeſſions* of it?

The *Epiſcopal Government* then, may ſay to the *new diſcipline*, as *Laban* did to *Jacob*: *Theſe Children are my Children*, and *theſe Saints* are *my Saints*, why haſt thou ſtolen them from me? *What* Godly men *haſt thou, whom thou didſt not receive from me! And if thou didſt receive* them, *why boaſteſt thou as if thou didſt not receive* them?

And on the other ſide; what wonder if the *prophaner* ſort were not *caught* when the *baits* were not fitted for them?

Thus far then we are ingeniouſly humble; we acknowledge they have cheated *many* of our *Godly*, and *few* of our *prophane*.

Yet muſt not that *humility* make us yeild them the *glory* of greater *Sanctity*. Admit they have deluded a *multitude* of *vulgar* hearts, full of ſail and void of *ballaſt*; with *fancies* inflamed with zeal, and *underſtanding* dazeled with every blaze: Are the *multitude* the judge of truth? Doth *juſtice* paſſe Sentence by her *Counters* and not by her *Ballance*?

Or had the *Epiſcopal party* no *Saints*, who *hazarded* their *lives*, and afterward *took chearfully the ſpoiling of their Goods*, and impriſonment of their *Perſons*, to ſave their *conſciences*, without any hope of recompenſe from their now ruined party?

If

If we granted you a *greater multitude*, yet would we challenge you to come to the *ballotting* of men of *judicious and fixed sanctity*.

Match if you can, our *Charles* among your Laity, and our *Hammond* among your Clergy: If you cannot, then cast in so many thousands of your most eminent Saints, as may outweigh those two: And when you have done so, we will so stifle you with a multitude of *Halls*, *Brownrigs*, *Oldsworths*, *Mortons* and others, whereof *some are yet alive and many are fallen asleep*, that you shall be glad to *shrink* out of the *presse*: *and impudence* it self shall blush to pretend, that the *Episcopal party* are onely a pack of *unsanctified men*.

Yet what if they were? was not *David's* troop a rabble of Bankrupts and Malevolo's, yet himself and his cause holy in the sight of God?

If you will convince the *Church of England* to be accessary to the *prophaneness* of any of her children; you must indict some of her authentick constitutions; her *Doctrine*, *Discipline*, *Government* or *Worship*.

Convince any of these as *accessary to prophaneness* we will cast that *Sheba's* head *over the wall*.

But if our *doctrines* be as holy, our *Discipline* as *severe*, our *Government* as *judicious*, our *Worship* as *devout*, and all our *establishments* as *pious*, as any in the world; is it not now as great a cruelty as injustice, to indeavour to *shame* us with that *prophaneness*, which doth sufficiently *grieve* us already?

How *irrational* is that *consequence* which argueth from *accidental events* to *necessary causes*?

yea, from *non-causes* to *causes*?

Such wilde *extravagances* ill become the gravity of ſober *reaſonings*; though they may ſute well enough with the *intemperate ravings* of tranſporting paſſions; which furiouſly flye upon every thing they meet with, bearing the leaſt reſpect, though without the leaſt influence, upon their grief.

Thus *Job* fell a curſing the *day of his birth*. Thus our Pſalmiſt flyeth out into curſes upon the innocent *Mountains of Gilboa*; for this poor reaſon becauſe *there the ſhield of* Saul *was vilely caſt away as though he had not been anointed with oyle*.

Poor reaſon, but *rich poetry*! which then perſonateth a raging paſſion moſt lively, when it ſtormeth moſt irrationally, againſt every thing that cometh in its way.

And therefore though we cannot pardon the *looſeneſſe* of ſuch *reaſonings* as conclude *from the perſons to the cauſe*; yet we need not condemn ſuch a picture of grief, as falleth into thoſe wilde, irrationall ravings, which are the uſual Symptoms of an unruly paſſion: ſuch is

The third ſtrayn of this Bow: expreſſed in the 21. Verſe. *Ye Mountains of* Gilboa, *let there be no dew*, &c.

How ſhall we exerciſe this paſſion? What ſhall we curſe?

The place? God forbid! who hath *bleſſed* it with the preſence of the *royal heir*.

The men? God forbid! who gave the injured King himſelf, ſuch grace as to bleſſe them with his prayers, that repentance might be their only puniſhment.

What

What then shall we curse? We will curse those doctrines, that taught some men *to shake hands with allegiance under pretence of taking faster hold on Religion.*

You unchristian! you Antichristian! you inhumane doctrines! Let no honest Christian be ever deluded again by you! let no Christian Prince or people ever tolerate you! let every one that pretendeth to any thing of conscience or humanity for ever loath you! For by you the best, the wisest, the meekest, the holiest of Kings was *vilely cast away as though he had not been anointed with oyle.*

And may this execration blast, not only *Belzebub* the Prince of divelish doctrines, which teacheth to kill Kings; but every legionary divel, that may be but suspected to contribute the least incouragement to any kind of disobedience; that doth but scatter *ambiguas de principe sermones, quaq; alas turbamenta valet.*

O wretched daughter of Babel! *happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the Stones.* בת בבל השדודה

That no root of bitternesse springing up trouble us any more; whereby *many* have been *defiled*, and many ruined, and many destroyed, and among others that blessed King, who alone was more than many.

Did not *this root of bitternesse* first peep up with a smooth and tender head, and then by insensible progression grow up to such a bulk and roughness as to overdrop the royal cedar?

Give me a ſtanding and I will move the whole Earth, ſaid *Archimedes*: and *Geometry* demonſtrateth it faiſible. So ſaith Rebellion too, Give me footing I will *turn the world upſide down*.

Archimedes probably deſigned the *Skrew* for his engine: to whoſe *inſenſible*, but *forcible motion* our martyred Prince moſt appoſitely compareth the creeping inſinuations of *Rebellion*; which *Sheweth* men on from *queſtioning* the lawful commands of ſuperiours, to *diſliking* them, thence to *diſobeying*, then to *reſiſting*, then to *aſſaling*, and at laſt to *deſtroying* the *Prince*.

Do we not *perceive*? do we not this day *lament* the truth of *Machiavel's Maxime*, *Whoever draweth his ſword againſt the Prince muſt throw away the Scabbard*; for he muſt not think of ſheathing it, otherwiſe then in the Bowels of that provoked Prince? Which our learned *Cook* thus tranſlateth to an Oracle of Law: in the caſe of the E. of *Eſſex* arraigned for ſeeking the Queens life, and appealing to the Queen her ſelf as Judge of his zeal for her ſafety. *The Law* (ſaith he) *interpreteth it as a ſeeking the Princes life when any one ſeeketh to force the Prince; becauſe ſuch an one will never think himſelf ſafe otherwiſe* then by the Princes death. Oh what a tentation it is to be engaged! How eaſily are they drawn to follow *Abſalon* in the blackeſt villanies who at firſt thought of nothing but a vow to *Hebron*!

I muſt be more particular.

I am confident (as the good King was) that the far greateſt part of the *Preſbyterians*, are men of very tender conſciences and pious affecti-

ons:

ons and if that muſt have been their option twenty years ſince; they would rather have delivered themſelves up to the fire, then to that factious diſobedience which is now called the *power of Godlineſſe*. Yet being once ingaged, have been skrewed on by their inſinuating Leaders, to ſuch a height of unnatural Rebellion, as themſelves upon clearer thoughts, would have abhorred with the moſt vehement deteſtation: Nor can any ſuch *ſecond*, and cooler thoughts, as ſo long a time of diſmal confuſion might have begotten in them, unmuſſell them from thoſe black errors which brought them firſt into diſobedience, and thence into hideous confuſions.

How ſhall we undeceive theſe good men? Shall we urge the frequent and earneſt importunity of *Scripture* injoyning obedience? They read it with coloured and broken Spectacles, and a multitude of diſtinctions, and a new queſtion, *Who are the higher powers? and how far do their commands oblige?*

Shall we appeal for this to the Laws of the Land? There are hidden fundamental Laws which muſt firſt be heard, notwithſtanding a clear Statute making it Treaſon ſo to oppoſe fundamental againſt known Laws.

Shall we vindicate the innocency of thoſe particular injunctions which they ſcruple to obey? They believe it ſinful to obey all Eccleſiaſtical Injunctions, which bring no poſitive particular Warrant from the Word of God.

How ſhall we convince theſe men? We will cite them to a new Topick, whoſe authority and evidence

evidence they ſhall never be able to diſpute. *Their own principles. Their own proteſtations. Their own firſt pretences.*

If they have renounced their own *principles*, If they have broken their own *proteſtations*, If they have confuted their own *pretences*: how can it be but men of ſuch tender conſciences, finding themſelves ſelf-condemned, ſhould think it neceſſary to repent of thoſe actions, which they cannot juſtifie: and ſeeing they muſt needs take ſhame to themſelves; bluſh rather at their exorbitances then their Sobriety.

I ſhall not further rake up thoſe actions, which the Kings mercy and our charity have buried; then is neceſſary to diſcover the ſeveral changes of that *Inſect* cauſe, whoſe *generation* we are thence to conclude *equivocall*, that we may obſerve the truth of that ſaying of *Cicero* clearly verified,

Qui ſemel modeſtiæ fines tranſilierit, oportet ut ſit gnaviter impudens.

The confluence of ſo great a number of Godly men, in the *great Councel of the Kingdome*, promiſed us a *new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteouſneſs*: But behold! the *ſons of Zerviah are too hard* for the King, and hinder his concurrence with his great Councel. Who is he now that hath any Zeal for God, and will not do his beſt for removing ſuch obſtructions, by *taking away the wicked from before the King*, though againſt his will?

That

That the *lawfulnes of the means* may answer the *goodnesse of the end*; We must make a distinction, yea a separation, yea an opposition between the *power* and the *person* of the *King*: that so the *godly party* may disobey him in duty, and fight against him in his defence, under an Engagement for *King and Parliament*.

And because this distinction might perhaps appear too nice for grosser understandings, the *law of God and the Land*, must for once (to *promote* so good a *cause*) give way to the *law of Nature*, which alloweth *self-defence* in case of *imminent danger*; and that again must allow a little straining, *our fears and jealousies* may justifie that for a *defensive war*, which is made to prevent a foreseen danger: which that it may appear real a *protestation*, is injoyned to *defend* the (much endangered, take heed) *King*, *Parliament*, *Laws*, and *protestant Religion established*.

By this chain of fair pretences are a multitude of well meaning men perswaded to *Hebron*. *Gods cause* inviting them, but not to the least disobedience against the King, whose *power and person* they protest to defend.

But how quickly is the Scene changed! they who just now protested to defend the Religion established, now fight for the Subversion of a great part of it, under the specious name of *Reformation*. They who took up arms only in their *necessary defence*, will not grant the *King peace*, unless he purchase it with delivering up his Sword: the power of the *Militia*, acknowledged by themselves to be his *undoubted right*: And is not this

now

now a moſt manifeſt *rebellion*, not only againſt the *Laws of God and the Land*, but againſt their own *proteſtation* and their publick *remonſtrances*.

But the *godly party* being once ingaged, muſt needs go on, and are unawares grown to be *Presbyterians*.

They go on, and after forty meſſages from the King, importuning them for peace (partly ſlighted, partly denyed, partly yielded too, but upon unreaſonable terms) at laſt they gain a complete victory and make the Kings moſt ſecret papers their Priſoners.

It might be expected from ſuch *faithful Subjects*, as they profeſs themſelves, that they ſhew him as much civility as *Pompey* did to his *enemy Sertorius*, whoſe Letters he *burnt*, or as the *Emp.* ſhewed his *enemy the Queen of Bohemia*, whoſe intercepted Letters he conveyed according to direction. No, theſe Letters diſcover ſo many *horrid plots* againſt our *Kingdome* and *Religion*, that they ſhould be very *unfaithful* to the *cauſe*, if they ſhould conceal them.

They are publiſhed, and what do they diſcover but this? that the Kings intentions were moſt *righteous*, his deſires of peace moſt *ardent*, his wiſdome moſt *eminent*, his affections to his people moſt *tender*, and all their own pretences moſt *falſe*.

What invention could have deviſed a way more convincingly to *juſtifie* the *King* and to *condemn themſelves*? They had declared the King a *good*, but an *eaſie* Prince, led away by *evil counſellors*, and needing the guardianſhip of the *Parliament*:

liament: this they confute by publishing those letters which demonstrate his excellent *wisdome, and care.* They had declared the war on their own parts to be meerly *defensive*; and now they publish those letters which make it apparent that the King is most *desirous of peace.* They had declared that the King intended to *bring in Popery*, and now they publish those letters wherein his *firmness* to the *Protestant Religion* is most apparent. They had declared his intentions to be foul, and confute themselves by publishing the secretest intentions of his very heart to be fair and innocent. Was not this to give their *cause* a greater *rent* then they had given the Kings *forces?*

Yet the Presbyterians are Godly men: but being so far ingaged they must go on though Absalon *be never so impudent.* The cause is grown so strong as to defend it self not only against the *Laws of God* and man, but against all its own *pretences*, and all appearance of *modesty.*

For now all fairer pretences are laid aside, and *Providence* shall bear them out, even against their own principles. They will do whatever shall seem most advantagious, and no *law* nor *religion* shall withold them, for *Providence* leads them. That is, they have gotten power, and as long as they prosper, their sword shall justifie what the ballance condemns.

The distressed *King*, no longer able to defend himself, applieth himself to the natives of his *person* and his *troubles*; upon their engagement to *assist* him and his *party* with their *Armies and Forces*: and accordingly at first they publish a glorious mani-

festo, declaring it an *odious basenesse* if they should deliver him up to those *Commissioners* who were sent for him.

But having thus inhanced the price, they plainly make sale of him for a sum of money: with a *proviso* notwithstanding *for his honour and safety*: (in pursuance doubtlesse of their National covenant (sir reverence) which taught them to suborder the Kings defence to the defence of Religion: which they (the Gospels life guard) could no longer serve without pay. What proviso *for the safety and honour of the King* is no other way made good, but by a fair *imprisonment*, and a perpetual refusall of his repeated importunities for a *Personal treaty*. And is not this a plain giving themselves the *Lye*, who pretended to fight only to *bring the King* to *his Parliament*, and now will not suffer him to *come*?

Yet the Presbyterians are godly men, but being ingaged are now carried on by Providence to higher actions then at first appeared lawfull: and they must be excused if they *change their principles with their condition*, *Providence* thus calling them to it.

At last the perpetual importunities of the *King and Kingdom* extort their consent to a *treaty*, which they grant, but with this condition, that the King first *depose* himself by signing *four Bills*, yeilding up *himself*, *religion*, *laws*, *friends*, *people* and *all* to their *Arbitrary power* which because he cannot but refuse to do, they fairly *depose and excommunicate* him, by voting against *all addresses* to him or from him.

And

And is not this an accomplishment of the greatest self conviction in the world; thus to depose him, whose lawfull authority they had so often sworn to defend?

Yet still the Presbyterians are godly men, but being ingaged are led on by Providence, to such actions as themselves had often declared sinfull, but now appear *godly*: because *providence* calleth upon them to *change their principles with their condition.*

But what invention shall we find out to justifie us against this last pretence? *providence* it self fighting also in its course against our last actions as well as against all our first pretences (and requiring us to return where we first set out by *changing those principles too with our condition.*

I do not, I professe I do not; thus uncover their nakednesse to *upbraid* but to *convince* them, who are hardened against all other evidences. We appeal to *themselves*, to their own publick *protestations*, to those very *principles*, into which their *holy cause* was first *baptized*. If they have not as peremptorily *resisted every one* of them as the *King* himself, we shall yield them the honour of being the *only godly party*. They professed to *make him a great and glorious King*. How did they perform this? by illustrating his magnanimity patience and other suffering vertues?

They professed *to bring him to his Parliament*. How did they perform this? By bringing his *power* thicher and keeping away his *person*?

They promised to *remove him from his evil Counsellours*. How did they perform this? by

keeping him from that his great Councell?

They promiſed to *defend the Proteſtant Religion eſtabliſhed in England.* How did they perform this? By comparing the Loyalty of its principles, with thoſe of the new diſcipline?

At laſt, they made *providence* their rule. Let them do ſo now, and joyn with us in deteſting thoſe principles, which *providence* it ſelf hath ſo manifeſtly blaſted: and which do ſo manifeſtly confeſſe themſelves not fit to be truſted, as having skrewed up ſuch Godly men to ſuch a heigth of impiety.

But what is this to the Presbyterians? *They did not kill the King*: Grant it, are they therefore the godly party becauſe they did not come up to the very top of wickedneſſe? When they boaſt what they did not, they might do well to remember what they did. They put the King, though not to death, yet upon the certain expectations of death, as knowing *there are but few ſteps between the priſons and graves of Princes.*

They did not kill the King, 'tis true. But 'tis as true they *could not.*

They *would* not if they *could.* How ſhall we know that? By their *proteſtations?* let them ſhew us how they made good any one proteſtation, and we will believe them: How can they expect belief from us? how can they believe themſelves, whoſe principles run through ſo many changes.

They voted the Kings conceſſions a ground for peace. But when? when it was too late; when they had no other way to oppoſe the Army: the

Army,

Army, who first pretended to restore the King, and then were opposed by the Parliament, as they are now when they declare to destroy him.

They voted his concessions only a *ground for a treaty*: that they might engage his friends to help them, and not engage themselves to restore the King.

But these things are past and pardoned. *They are now his best Subjects. They restored the King.* Yes. As *Marcus Livius* was the cause of the taking of *Tarentum*, because if he had not first lost it, it could not have been taken: So were they cause of restoring the King, because if they had not driven him from his Kingdome, he could not have been restored. But *they restored him*. They restore him? Why then are they so mad that he was restored so freely without *articles*?

The *Scots* shew us the way of *Presbyterians* bringing in *Kings*. They declare him their undoubted rightfull King, but withall he must not exercise any power untill he have submitted to such conditions as they think good to prescribe. Then they bestow a Crown upon him, but a thorny one; and make his Kingdome worse then his banishment.

But the Presbyterians are the Kings fastfull Subjects. If they will be believed, let them make it credible by some evidence. Let them follow the ingenuity of their brethren of *Aberdeen*. Let them shew their *affections* to the *Son* by their *detestation* of those *principles* which ruined the *Father*.

How jealous would a just resentment make them of every *principle* that hath *the least appea-*

rance

rance of evil? Of every garment ſpotted with the fleſh?

When *Adonijah* petitioned for *Abiſhag* (the warming-pan rather then) the *Concubine* of *David*, what a ſtorm of jealouſie doth this raiſe in *Solomon* to the ruine of *Adonijah*, and his party? one ſlain, another degraded, another confined! How would that jealouſy become every affectionate heart, towards all thoſe principles, which do though never ſo little, glance toward diſobedience? How ſhould we ſuſpect every queſtioning of the fitneſſe of any royall command? How ſhould we curſe *The mountains of Gilboa*, every thing that contributed (though never ſo little) to the ruine of that *Beauty of Iſrael*! How ſhould we be jealous of our ſelves, how ſhould we fear the jealouſies of our Superiours, while we foſter thoſe opinions of whoſe creeping venome we have had ſuch lamentable experience!

But why ſo much fondneſs for *Abſalom*? Why muſt we be tempted to ſay like *Joab*, you *declare that* you *regard neither Prince nor People. For we perceive that if your covenant had been brought in and the King kept out, it had pleaſed you well.*

What ſo great neceſſity of *eſtabliſhing* the *new* and *deſtroying* the *old* Government? What do you fear? *Popery*? This is that we crave, that you would renounce thoſe principles which are no leſſe propetly *Popiſh*, then perniciouſly *Anti-chriſtian.*

What age, what Nation, not onely of the *Chriſtian*, but *univerſall* world ever denied the

power

power of the *Civil Magistrate in Ecclesiastical affairs*, untill the ambition of the *Popes* wrested it from the *Emperors*? who were they that refused the doctrine and *Oath of Supremacy*, when first imposed in *England*, and ever since?

Is it thus that you make your selves *Antipodes* to the *Jesuites*, that you may carry your faces opposite wayes, and dwell in the same *longitude and latitude* from *truth and charity*? Is it thus you run from one another, only as *Sampson's foxes* did, with *countenances* seperate, and *tayls* united in those *fiery* doctrines, to which the Church of Christ oweth all her combustions?

Believe it, those Plebæian doctrines of *purgatory*, *Indulgences*, *Dirges*, &c. which onely pick Purses, are not so properly and fundamentally *Popish*, as those *Jesuitish* principles which destroy whole Nations, by teaching it a pious devotion to *turn Bankrupt in allegiance in hope to drive a quicker trade in Religion*: A *French Catholique* who acknowledgeth the Kings Supremacy, is not half so dangerously Popish, as an *English Schismatick* which denieth it.

This then, this, is that *Thorough Reformation* which he truly *Godly party* longeth for. These are the *Popish doctrines*, upon which the *Pope* first built, and still maintaineth his greatnesse: These are the *Anti-christian doctrines*, which do so diametrically oppose that *Great and Dear commandment and legacy* which Christ gave his Church: *Peace and Love*.

And why must this great duty and happinesse be thrust out of the Church? What do you fear? *shame*?

ſhame? Will your reputation grow cheap with the people, if you *build again the things you deſtroyed*? *Patem contemnentes, & gloriam quærentes, pacem perdunt & gloriam. He that ſhuns ſaveth his credit ſhall loſe it, but he that loſeth it ſhall ſave it.*

What more glorious victory then to overcome our ſelves? What greater honour in the ſight of *God* and *Angels*, and *wiſe*, and *good* men, then ſuch a magnanimous embracing of *ſhame*? Did St. *Auguſtine* get more honour by any one, yea, or by all his other books, then by his *Retractations*? Did *Aberdeen* ever perform an Exerciſe ſo worthy the wiſedome and piety of a Chriſtian Accademy, as this to which we invite you?

But if you will needs be covering your *nakedneſſe* with *fig-leaves*; you cannot thereby hide, but proclaim your ſhame; your own firſt *doctrines* and publick *proteſtations* will tear thoſe *aprons*, and convince you not only of *error* but *obſtinacy*. And the meaneſt underſtanding, will (when a little calm hath ſetled our troubled waters) plainly perceive, how unfit they are to be truſted who are at the ſame time *ſelf-condemned and ſelf-juſtified*.

But what if this were not? what if the common people could be perpetually muffeled? Is the *breath* of the *multitude* the onely ſweet and whole-*ayre*? are not the *wiſe* and *learned* not onely of this *Nation*, but of the whole Chriſtian *world*, worthy to be regarded! Is not the *King* worthy to be conſidered! Are not the two great *repreſentatives* of *Church* and *State* worthy to be thought on? Nay is not *God* himſelf fit to be

be remembred: and all the inhabitants of heaven who *rejoice in the repentance of every sinner?* Is not the *Magistrate* fit to be feared? whose sword you tempt, by giving such manifest ombrages of jealousie, while you justifie those doctrines which we all are sadly convinced to be pernicious.

If then you truly lament that *inhumane murther* which we thus solemnly deplore; If you have any sense of those *Long* and *Many*, and *Great miseries* under which we all groaned: If you really thirst for a *Thorough Reformation* from the *Anti-christian* doctrines of *Rome*.

If you desire that *peace* and *love* may be established on earth, and an *Act of Oblivion* in heaven. If you will not perpetuate *Jealousies* in the Magistrate and *troubles* in the Church:

Then joyn with us in singing this Strayn of *David's* lamentation, by cursing those *Philistian* doctrines which were, not the place, but the cause of our wofull Tragedies.

You inhumane, you unchristian, &c.

Oh you bloudy and Anti-christian doctrines, may every pretender to Loyalty and Christianity for ever detest you.

Whoever saith it becometh a Subject to question the fitnesse of the Kings commands, when they are not warranted by a particular Word of Scripture; Let him be *Anathema*.

Whoever saith the Kings commands do not bind the Conscience to obedience in things not sinfull, let him be *Anathema*.

For by such principles as these was the best King that ever governed a Christian Kingdom, *wilfly cast away as if he had not been anointed with oyle.*

THE END.

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The Holy Cheat, proving from the undeniable practices of the Presbyterians, that the whole design of that party is to enslave both King and People under the colour of Religion.

A Caveat to the Cavaliers.

A Modest Plea both for the Author and Caveat.

The Relaps'd Apostate. State Divinity.

A Whip for the Schismatical Animadverter of the Bishop of *Worcester's* Letter.